

WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

A Weekly Journal—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets and General Intelligence.

—ONE COUNTRY—ONE CONSTITUTION—ONE DESTINY.—

BY R. T. VAN HORN. POMEROY, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1851. VOL. 3.—NO. 50.

SONG OF THE DYING GIRL.

Gone! when I am sleeping

In the churchyard's quiet gloom,

Come not with winter's weeping

To mourn at my lowly tomb.

Come not when autumn dreary

Breeds a chill on the lifeless plain,

When the pining heart grows weary

For the springtime's bloom again.

Come when the earth is brightest

With sunshine, song, and love,

When the wild bird's lay is lightest,

And verdure crowns the grove.

Come when the willow blue

Flows with a slender smile;

When the red man, but

Cookoo (pork) is not very.

If our Great

Father's children think so much of

Cookoo, why do they not eat it instead of

beef? Probably because, like whiskey, they think

beef is not wholesome for us. [Ho! ho!]

We will attend the round dance this

afternoon, and try to allay the storm and

appease the Evil Spirit. The wing of the

Thunder Bird must be broken. [Ho! ho!]

Think, on affection's bosom

Gently I sank to rest—

Gently as yon pale blossom

Droops to its leafy nest.

Think of the sweet peace given

To slumber the spirit's woe!

Look at you far bright heaven!

Where the weary souls repose.

Thus, with an eye unweeping,

Tranquil and free from gloom,

Come thou, when I am sleeping,

To muse o'er my lowly tomb!

INDIAN CUSTOMS.

It will be remembered that some time

since Colonel West and Governor Ramsey

were sent out West by the Government,

to conclude a treaty with the Sioux Indians.

They were accompanied by the editor of the

St. Paul Pioneer, who has furnished the pub-

lic with several highly interesting sketches,

written on the treaty ground at Traverse Des

Sioux, between 6th and 13th of July. Some

of them are scarcely less graphic and pic-

turesque than the best sketches by Cooper.

Here is a description of an Indian wedding:

INDIAN WEDDING.

About noon the marriage of David Bar-

rault with Nancy Winna McClure took

place in the presence of the Commissioners,

in the presence of all the party in the camp,

and several friends of the parties to be mar-

ried. The bridegroom is a large, handsome

man, about thirty years old, and the bride a

young girl of fourteen, large of her

age, educated in school at the Mission

House, and almost wholly unacquainted with

the society of the whites. She came into

the marriage trembling like a young fawn—

looking like the opening bud of a dewy

plum in the glare of sunshine.

The marriage ceremony, in the Episco-

pal form, was performed by Alexis Bailly,

Esq., a justice of the peace in and for this

country, after which the bridegroom pro-

duced an abundance of lemonade, which spark-

led and foamed joyously, as if it had been

champagne unworked in any of the brown-

front palaces of New York. After the wed-

ding, all went to dine together, and after

dinner, toasts and speeches appropriate to

the occasion flowed freely.

Toasts were then drunk to Colonel Lea,

of the Indian Department, and Governor Ram-

sey, both of whom made brief speeches.

After dinner there was a virgin feast of

the young Dakota girls, nineteen in number,

and fifteen young men. Before sitting down

to the feast, consisting of tea and fried cakes,

each of the party advanced and touched a

red stone, which was placed in their midst,

this being the test oath of virginity.

A young man jumped into the circle and

seized one of the girls, and dragged her out

without any ceremony. This was equiv-

alent to accusing her of immorality, and

having taken a false oath. It was the gen-

eral belief in the camp, however, that the

young man's accusation was false, and that

he attempted to fasten this disgrace upon

her in revenge of having given him the mit-

ter.

The Indians have a great fear of thunder,

and the region of the treaty ground is de-

scribed by the writer as "pivot of tempests."

Rains and storms are frequent.

The Indians in the camp were very much

excited on the subject, and finally they re-

solved to take the weather in hand. They

followed the example of white men, who, in

all emergencies, call a meeting and make

or hear speeches. The following speech

was made by Walking Thunder, and indi-

cates the attitude which he proposed for

their meteorological grievances:

SPEECH OF WALKING THUNDER.

This high water is unusual. The Great

Spirit does not smile. He growls at us.

Something does not suit him. Our corn

fields, where are they? Our young men

cannot hunt. The powder in our rifles is

wet. It will not burn. We kill no game

nothing. Our Great Father gives us a little

beef and a little corn since we came to the

treaty. But we are poor, very poor. Our

rifle may be counted like the poles of a lodge

frame through the skin. Corn will not grow

without sunshine, and if we have nothing to

eat we must starve. Our horses are thin.

We thought they could run some, but even

Shasta Wassa's (Mr. Taylor's) horse can

outrun our fastest buffalo dog. Our dogs

are lean, very lean. They are too poor to

hunt. They howl a little sometimes, but

very feebly. We are glad our Father came

here with a little corn and a little beef,

and it may be a few slices of pork, for us

to eat. We were very hungry, and we are

yet. The red man is always hungry. The

white young men are fat. They look very

dark and greasy. The reason is, that the

Great Spirit gives them more food. We do

not like to give them more than they are

in any use of. Our tents are soaked with

water. It pains us to have our women load

down with wet baggage when we travel.

We cannot bear it. It may be the steam-

AN ENGLISH STORY.

The festivities of the week have been

varied, if not saddened, by the death of an

English nobleman, who had for many years

been a resident of Paris, and who once

swayed the kingdom of fashion, and ruled

over its mighty tribe without opposition.

This death is likely to give rise to the most

extraordinary revelation, and one of the

most marvelous trials which have ever be-

come before a jury. In Scotland the whole

affair would in former days, have been laid

to the sole charge of "glamor," and would

have been dealt with according to the respect

which that mysterious idea created; but in

our time it is much to be dreaded that the

fact may simply become an accusation of "cap-

tation," and punished according to the law

against such offense.

The gentleman whose decease has been

attended with so much mystery, is the heir

to a realm, and during the high and palmy

days of the domination of Lord Granville

at the English Embassy, was the very idol

of every fashionable circle in Paris. His

fair contemporaries cannot even now speak

without emotion of his accomplished man-

ners and gentlemanly bearing. His mysti-

cal talent, too, had endeared him to all

lovers of art, while his great wealth enabled

him to bestow patronage upon artists of mer-

it, and many of these artists who now revel

in the enjoyment of large incomes owe their

very existence to his bounty in setting them

forward in the beginning of their career.

It was in the very midst of all this suc-

cess—this full possession of the world's fa-

vor that Lord S— suddenly disappeared

from amid the circles wherein he was most

appreciated and admired. His exit was

considered so extraordinary, that I remem-

ber a thousand ridiculous tales were circu-

lated to account for the manner in which it

had been made. Some declared that he

had been engaged in forging transactions;

others that he had been detected in coin-

ing; some that he had retired to La Trappe, and

others that he had committed some heinous

crime which had compelled him to change

his name and seek solitude amid the wilds

of America.

By degrees, however, his history was for-

gotten. A new idol was formed to replace

him in the world of fashion, his old fumes

took upon themselves a new love in the per-

son of Hon. Mr. L—, and Lord S—

was thought of no more, or even spoken of.

But chance, which governs the world of fashion

more especially took care that the fate of

Lord S— should not remain a mystery to his

worshippers.

The Granvilles had passed away—Louis

Philippe and his family had resolved them-

selves into historic doubts—all the little

great men of the Revolution had gradually

melted into one, when on the finest days

of summer, two of the most fashionable

homages of Paris, being on an excursion to

Edgheim, (the chronicle tells us not what

they were in search of,) lost their way amid

the intricacies of the neighborhood, and

weary and exhausted with wandering, sud-

denly came upon a low-thatched cottage,

hidden amid the shelter of one of the thick-

ets avenues of the forest of Montgomery.

The place was a mere hovel, standing in the

midst of a wretched garden divided from the

path but by a hedge of faggots; a man was

at work in the poor patch of ground, digging

potatoes; the fair ladies called to him for

assistance to guide them on their way, the

man rose from his stooping posture to wipe

the sweat from his brow before he answered,

and, as he withdrew the blue check hand-

kerchief from his face, the ladies shrieked

and fell almost senseless against the pali-

sade—the countenance revealed in the glar-

ing, scorching sunlight was that of Lord

S—, the dejected sovereign, the exiled

monarch of that world in which they still

moved, and which still mourned, his abdi-

cation.

To their great surprise, Lord S—

displayed neither shame nor embarrassment,

but recognized them on the instant, and in-

vited them to repose on the sofa in his cottage,

with as much ease and grace of manner as

though he had been leading the way to his

former salon in the Faubourg St. Honoré;

nor did he manifest the slightest sentiment

of regret at the wretched interior when met

by their gaze, nor make the least apology for

the miserable blouse and sabots in which he

was attired. A tall, gaunt, ill-favored man

who was at work in the cottage, by his

lordship's direction, a mug of cider and a

bowl of cabbage soup, which she herself

drew from the fire, where it was simmering

with an untidy odor. And when they

departed, he expressed no wish to behold

them again, and enjoined them to no secre-

cy concerning the place of his retreat.

Of course the story was all over Paris,

almost the train which bore the fair ladies

had arrived at the terminus. In less than a

week the whole of the fashionable world

MODERN INFIDELITY—THE BIBLE.

BY A. MOORE.

The modern infidelity of the present day is

not the infidelity of the past. It is not that

infidelity which, in the days of the Reformation,

was a simple and direct denial of the Chris-

tianity, and a simple and direct denial of the

Bible. It is not that infidelity which, in the

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